

The Confederate States should be prohibited and punished by the severest penalties.

Third. The importation of cotton, except on Government account, should be strictly prohibited, and no importations on private account should be allowed, except by special license under the hand of the President of the Confederate States, countersigned by the Secretary of the Treasury.

Fourth. All dealings in State bank notes, gold or State bonds, with the intent of establishing any exchange at any point within the United States, should be prohibited, and the prohibition should be enforced by the severest penalties.

The Provisioning of Vicksburg.

"One who was present" writes thus to the Atlanta Intelligencer:

"I find in the Selma Dispatch a statement that the editor of the same places a planter from Mississippi who informed them that the assertion made that Gen. Pemberton was fully able to procure provisions is all 'balderdash,' and that the planters in Warren, Claiborne, and adjacent counties, either hid their grain or charged such exorbitant prices that the military authorities could not give it, the price charged being twice that allowed by the Government. In justice to the planters of Mississippi, and to clear their names from any imputation on their patriotism, I take the liberty to state in your columns for the purpose of stating facts that came under my personal knowledge. Among the many who offered their corn

\$2 per barrel, Government authorizing the payment of \$2 50, and the offer was refused. Again, Col. Benson was refused, but he was not to be deterred. He sent a party of corn on his plantation, five miles from Vicksburg, to the Government, and they accepted it. He told the Government officials that if they could not pay him for it, to take it away free of charge rather than let it fall into the hands of the enemy. His offer never was complied with, although there was corn enough to supply the Government for a long time. There was a Vicksburg with provisions for two months. This is but a few instances of many patriotic deeds that never were accepted.

PROGRESS IN TURKEY.—The *"Journal de Constantinople"* publishes the following story: One evening last week two young men of the Isle of Prinkipo were returning in a caique from a sporting excursion on the coast of Asia Minor, when they perceived a small boat, in which they could not account; but soon after they perceived over the heads an enormous bird, the sight of which filled them with alarm. Seizing their guns they both fired at it, and were still more amazed when they heard broken words and cries which could only proceed from a human voice. They fired again, and were surprised where the supposed bird had fallen, and were struck with stupefaction on finding that what they had taken for a fowl was a man with an immense pair of mechanical wings. They took him into their boat, and were surprised at a little while after finding that he had only received a few slight shots in the back. This new creature, coming from Antioch to Plati, to visit a young person whom he wished to marry, but whose parents were opposed to the match. To visit his lady love he had invented and made the wings he wore, and had already twice crossed the strait between the islands. On his third flight his flight was cut short by this untoward accident. He is now at Plati.

Where are all the ladies who, when the war broke out, were crying, "war not on me, but home to me during

They are wearing out their old summer dresses, to be sure. You would not expect them to wear heavy homespun with the thermometer up in the nineties.

Mobile Advertiser.

A still better reason is that calico is cheaper than homespun, besides being more comfy. Our observant friends will remember that the first day after the first day dress a lady can wear, and having had to foot several bills in that line, it has cured us completely on the subject of domestic manufactures for ladies' dresses.—What with trimmings to make them look decent, the doing after the first introduction to the washstand and the closet, and the necessity of having a new dress to indulge in homespun dresses.—*Savannah Republican.*

THE TRUE CAUSE.—A writer in the *Baptist Banner*, concerning the recent events in Mississippi, says :—

The impression has prevailed since the breaking out of the war, I believe, that the Northwestern men fight much better than the Down-Easters, and thus our success in Virginia and Illinois in the West is accounted for. I have no objection to this, but I think it is not based certainly be found in all the wide world a set of baser cowardice than composed Grant's army at the siege of Vicksburg. Let me tell you the reason of our want of success in the West. *We have had no men there.* Other sections of the Confederacy have been favored with armies almost wholly composed of rascals in numbers—Richmond for instance—while a handful of poorly disciplined troops have been playing "hide and seek" in the swamps of Mississippi, all the while exposed to the tender mercies of the Yankee.

GOOD ADVICE.—Never cut a piece out of newspaper until you have looked on the other side, where, perhaps you may find something more valuable than that which, you first intended to appropriate. Not that I have any objection to your having cut it, but I have known gentlemen being very much improved by doing so. N.Y.

their finger tips day, when they might have occupied if they had been careful. Don't put your feet on the table. True, the members of Congress do; but you are not a member of Congress, and you are not a mixed company, and a diffident stranger enters the room and takes a seat among you, say something to him, for heaven's sake, even though it be only "Nice evening, sir." Do not let him sit bolt upright, suffering all the apprehensions and agonies of a backslider, about any of his awkward habits, but tell him you know him, and that you are glad to see him, and that you are a friend of-and so—anything that will do to break the stiffness in which very decent fellows are sometimes frozen on the debut from a new circle.

[From the "Chatanooga Rebel,"

We refer our readers to the following letter from the mother of Wharton, the ranger. It is truly patriotic in spirit and beautiful in expression. Very few women in the South are there, whose graces of mind and heart equal those of this woman. She speaks like one who understands at a glance the true duty of a mother, and the reply which must come from a worthy son. The withdrawal of the name of such a man as Gen. Wharton, comes with all the more grace, since there could have been no doubt of his triumphant career.

PALM SPRING, BRAXDORA COUNTY, N. C.
JUNE 23, 1863.

Friend Nathaniel Wharton— I have seen, through the papers, that you, John A. Wharton, have been nominated for Congress. I feel deeply grateful to the friends who have named him worthy of so high a position. These friends, I am sure, are all patriots, and I am sure that you are not doubtless thought there was ample time to hear from him; but, by the recent law of Congress, the election takes place at a time when it is impossible for him to be present. I am sure that the friends of the Mississippi river will find it impossible for him to speak for himself. Therefore, as his mother, feeling, I know, his sentiments, and his noble character, I feel it my duty to withdraw his name, or, rather, of saying—I am satisfied, as long as this war for the independence of his country lasts, and

the pursuit of civil office. Yours, respectfully,
B. A. WHITMAN.

A NUT FOR CROAKERS.—It is often said, and with much truth no doubt, that those who are complaining and confining themselves to the wail and the wailing cry have endured least from its ravages. A case in point: We received a few days since from an old friend and parishioner, now in the service, an order for a copy of the Presbyterian. The family of the writer is a family of the wail and the wailing cry. He says: "We have not received a Presbyterian since the occupying of Washington by the Yankees. I would be glad to read it but cannot afford two copies just now, and must have one for the beloved ones at home and mine! Our beloved old home is ruined now! I was thinking yesterday of your afternoon visits to my still yard; how pleasantly I was oft then. Now, alas! swept away! Not a brick, or piece of plank, or shingle left! I have not seen the place since. I have been with all I had left of 30 years of hard work and frugal living—negroes and all! *Don't I love my enemies?*" Well, I do say, God's will be done. Give my country love and independent of God's will, my country is all a chaos of clothes and with God's love, blessing it all a chaos.—*Fayetteville Presbyterian.*